

# THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1908.

NO. 36

## *The Question of the Incorporation of South San Francisco Carries with a Big Majority*

The local incorporation battle is over and South San Francisco will soon become a city of the sixth class.

The citizens of this town have shown by their votes on Thursday that they have a progressive spirit and have given notice to the outside world that they desire self-government, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary by opposing influences.

The series of mass meetings held here during the past month were a splendid means of educating the people of this town as to what the incorporation of a city really meant. The necessity for the incorporation of South San Francisco was thoroughly gone into, and several days before the election whatever opposition that developed was nearly all swept aside.

The campaign of the candidates who desired to fill the various city offices was a hard-fought one, but friendly.

Voting commenced early Thursday morning, and 300 ballots were cast out of a possible 360. Nine ballots were mutilated by voters and had to be returned to the election officers who gave them new ballots. This left a net number of ballots cast of 291.

At 8 a. m. the number of ballots cast was 71; 11 a. m., 120; 1 p. m., 150; 2:30 p. m., 198; 4:30 p. m., 220; 6 p. m., close of polls, 300.

The result of the election is as follows: For incorporation, 218; against, 36. Many ballots were cast without a vote for or against incorporation.

For City Trustee—Harry Edwards, 160; A. Hynding, 143; D. McSweeney, 128; Thos. Hickey, 124; H. Gaerdes, 119; J. L. Debenedetti, 110; J. J. Mc-

Donald, 86; M. F. Healy, 85; E. S. Pike, 81; John Nealis, 73; J. Jorgenson, 67; Peter Lind, 31; D. Palany, 17.

For City Clerk—Thos. Mason, 101; E. W. Langenbach, 99; H. E. Styles, 52.

For City Treasurer—C. L. Kauffmann, 157; W. C. Schneider, 94.

For City Marshal—Henry W. Kneese, 118; James Wallace, 117; E. Daneri, 25.

The result of the election will be officially canvassed by the Board of Supervisors at its meeting next Tuesday in Redwood City, and will then be sent to Secretary of State Chas. F. Curry, who will issue the usual certificate. Then will South San Francisco become a duly incorporated city.

### MONDAY NIGHT'S INCORPORATION MASS MEETING

Metropolitan Hall was packed last

Monday night with citizens of this

town who were present to listen to discussions on the incorporation of South San Francisco into a city of the sixth class and the views of the various candidates for the city offices.

The meeting was called to order by Judge A. McSweeney, and W. J. Martin was introduced as the first speaker.

He had announced himself as a candidate for City Trustee at a previous

meeting. He had found that his business interests and a provision of law prevented him from serving in that capacity and therefore he withdrew as a candidate. He desired to see the new city in the hands of honest and capable men. The people should not be overburdened with taxation.

Then followed the various candidates who stated what they would do if elected.

### PICNIC, ELECTION, INCORPORATION, EXCITEMENT

Inspector Kavanaugh, the City Plumber Hickey and Supervisor Eikenkotter, Study Geography—Advanced Ideas of Senator Healy—Land Agent Martin Talks.

"Now that part of the excitement attendant on election has passed into history, we must settle down to social life," said Pete Kavanaugh, addressing himself to Billy Hickey and synchronously shaking the ashes from his two-bit cigar. "We must be up and doing. We must make some material advancement in local, in state, and, in fact, in national affairs. South City is on the map, and we want it to be permanent."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Hickey. "Thanks for the cigar. Quite agree with you. Why, they teach high-up branches now at our schools, and so to keep in line with our youngsters, I would suggest that we form a club where we could apply ourselves actively to the study of mensuration and geography, that we may know and be able to tell where we exist, our situation on the globe and our relative distance from the fixed planets."

"That reminds me," quoth Mr. Martin, "reminds me, yes, of a little controversy I overheard between some young ones in my neighborhood the other day, regarding the boundary lines of the United States. I thought there could be very little room for argument, as I settled the question, I fancy, by saying, 'the United States is bounded on the north by the Great Lakes and Canada, on the south by Mexico and the Gulf, on the east by Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific Oceans.'"

"Wrong again," cried Mr. Hickey, "wrong, I tell you. Precious little geography you ever learned. Why, the United States of course is bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the south pole, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by the going down thereof."

"Correct," said Tom Connelly.

"Not a bit correct," snapped Senator Healy. "What you people don't know about geography would fill a big volume. When I learned geography out of the annals of the four masters the boundary lines of this great land of freedom, this glorious United States, this mighty land of plenty and of promise, were stated thus—the United States if bounded on the north by aurora-borealis, on the south by the procession of equinoxes, on the east by primeval chaos, and on the west by the day of judgment."

"That's news," said they all in consternation, for the Senator had spoken like a book.

"That's news. I heard that once I think at old Leighlin," said Mr. Kavanaugh, "but where does Tanforan Park and Labor Day come in? Are you not forgetting something?"

"Forgetting nothing," said the Senator. "If you make a noise like hard reading, you will discover that most persons, places and things, including Tanforan Park and Labor Day, are encompassed by the earmarks I have laid down and what is more, though it may be news to some of you," continued the Senator, "both Tanforan Park and Labor Day form important if not indeed necessary factors in the general make up of the sublunar sphere (or speroid if you wish to be more correct) in which we live, and move, and play the wise and foolish."

Should you happen to meet me at Tanforan September 7th I'll continue this free lecture of mine, for I am inclined to the belief that many of you have yet much to learn."

See the great offer of gold coin  
The Enterprise is making for new  
subscribers on page 5.

W. E. Dennison, President of the Steiger Terra Cotta and Pottery Co., who was present, then made a speech protesting against the incorporation of this city with the boundary lines as planned. He said it was wrong to take in the factory district. He had no candidates to favor and none to offend. He thought the people of this town were being misled. He thought the water front would be of no use to the city. He wanted the citizens to vote with their eyes open and he would accept the result. He thought the whole scheme was started with injustice.

At the close of Mr. Dennison's remarks, W. J. Martin arose and stated that the W. P. Fuller Co. would make no further opposition to incorporation.

Before the meeting closed E. E. Cunningham dwelt on the advantages of the city having control of the water front and fully explained how to prepare the incorporation ballot.

### REPUBLICANS TO MEET

The Republican County Central Committee of this county has issued a call for a meeting of its members to be held on next Tuesday in Odd Fellows Building, Redwood City, at 1 p. m. for the purpose of issuing a call for primaries for the election of delegates to the Republican county convention to nominate candidates for county and district offices, and to fix the time and place for holding such convention. The call is signed by John MacBain, chairman, and Hall C. Ross, secretary.

A. E. Graham, optician, will be at the Pharmacy on Sunday morning, September 6th. Any patients wishing to consult him about eye defects should call before noon. Consultation and straightening of glasses free. A full line of optical goods.

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### Every Voter

Should be one. Are  
you?

### Bank of South San Francisco

P. N. LILIENTHAL, President  
C. F. HAMSHER, Cashier

## South San Francisco

## Railroad Time Table

## BAY SHORE CUTOFF.

## NORTHBOUND TRAINS.

6:13 A. M.

7:23 A. M.

(Except Sunday)

7:43 A. M.

8:43 A. M.

(Except Sunday)

9:23 A. M.

10:08 A. M.

12:53 P. M.

3:01 P. M.

4:43 P. M.

(Saturday only)

5:23 P. M.

7:03 P. M.

7:13 P. M.

10:33 P. M.

(Sunday only)

## SOUTHBOUND TRAINS.

6:36 A. M.

7:37 A. M.

8:40 A. M.

10:57 A. M.

11:57 A. M.

1:17 P. M.

(Saturday only)

2:20 P. M.

3:37 P. M.

4:37 P. M.

5:57 P. M.

6:47 P. M.

12:02 P. M.

(Theatre Train)

## SHUTTLE SERVICE

From San Francisco via Valencia Street and to San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff.

6:30 a. m.

10:15 A. M.

(Sunday only)

11:50 A. M.

(Sunday only)

12:40 P. M.

(Flag Stop)

4:20 p. m.

6:20 p. m.

7:19 p. m.

(except Sunday)

From San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff and to San Francisco via Valencia Street.

5:50 a. m.

(except Sunday)

9:50 A. M.

(Sunday only)

10:20 A. M.

(Except Sunday)

11:35 A. M.

(Sunday only)

2:30 P. M.

5:25 p. m.

(except Sunday)

6:25 p. m.

## POST OFFICE.

Post Office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Mails leave Post Office thirty minutes before trains.

## \* NORTHBOUND DISPATCH.

11:30 A. M.

2:30 P. M.

6:00 P. M.

## † SOUTHBOUND DISPATCH.

6:30 A. M.

11:00 A. M.

3:00 P. M.

\* Mails from south arrive.

† Mails from north arrive.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## County Officials

Judge Superior Court..... G. H. Buck  
 Treasurer..... P. P. Chamberlain  
 Tax Collector..... C. L. McCracken  
 District Attorney..... J. J. Bullock  
 Assessor..... C. D. Hayward  
 County Clerk..... Joseph H. Nash  
 County Recorder..... John F. Johnston  
 Sheriff..... Robert Chatham  
 Auditor..... Henry Underhill  
 Superintendent of Schools..... Roy Cloud  
 Coroner and Public Adm. .... Dr. H. G. Plymire  
 Surveyor..... James B. Neuman  
 Health Officer..... D. B. Plymire, M. D.

## Officials—First Township

Supervisor..... Julius Elkerenkotter  
 Justice of the Peace..... A. McSweeney  
 Constable..... Bob Carroll  
 Postmaster..... E. E. Cunningham  
 School Trustees..... Tom Mason, Duray Smith

St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church  
(Cor. Grand and Maple Aves., one block from Post Office.)

Regular Sunday services—Sermons at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School classes for all ages at 10:00 a. m. Epworth League of C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer service Wednesday at 8 p. m. The public is made cordially welcome at all our services.

"A home-like church."

EDWIN D. KIZER, Pastor.

## Hunting a House

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Wilson jangled the big bunch of keys as he inserted one of the number into the lock of a door on a large empty house, turned the key and threw the door open.

"Step in, Miss House Hunter For Another," he exclaimed, with a magnificent wave of his hand.

Dorothy White laughed as she entered.

"I only hope Bertha likes the house we pick out for her," she replied. "Bertha's the first prospective bride I ever knew that couldn't find time to go house hunting herself. And Jo is just as bad. It's a wonder to me they ever found time enough to decide to get married."

"While we," assented Wilson, "not only have time enough to investigate innumerable dwellings for them, but also have so much leisure that we could get married several times if we cared to."

"Which we don't," the girl promptly cried. "I'm going to be a bachelor girl," she added, with a certain air of defiance.

Wilson laughed.

"What," he cried, "a bachelor girl? And with those rose petal cheeks and those twinkling eyes and—"

"You mustn't say those things," Dorothy, blushing prettily, stopped him.

"It's a cousin's privilege," declared Wilson.

"But you're only a third cousin."

"That's a good enough excuse," declared Wilson and continued as though



"THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW," he had not been interrupted, "and with those lips—those kissable lips!"

He advanced toward her.

"I've heard something more about cousins' privileges," he exclaimed.

The girl made a quick retreat across the length of the big room in which they were standing to the big bay window that overlooked the porch.

"This house seems almost too big," she exclaimed hurriedly. "It would take a lot of furniture to make it seem cheerful and a lot of people, too, I think. I—"

"I guess you don't like your little cousin," sadly murmured Wilson from his post across the room.

"Oh, pshaw, of course I do!" Dorothy exclaimed, laughing and blushing. "Don't be a goose!" She hurried on: "I'm sure Bertha and Jo wouldn't care for this place. Let's try another house."

"Plenty more to try," declared Wilson. "I've got the keys here for about a million and a half." And he jangled the keys again.

They left the big house, with its big rooms, big bay window and big veranda, and turned away. Wilson consulted a list which he had in his pocket and then directed their steps into a quiet, pretty, little side street where the houses were mainly cottages with miniature gardens and lawns in front and where a general air of homely coziness and comfort seem to prevail.

In the middle of one of the squares stood an especially attractive little home, with a tiny veranda and a tree or two in the front yard. The house seemed to have a saucy air, as though it were saying to every one: "I'm all nice and cozy. Don't you wish you were as comfortable as I am?"

The girl clapped her hands when she saw it.

"Oh, what a dear little house!" she cried. "Oh, I just love it!"

"It's one of those I've got a key for, too," said Wilson.

The girl clapped her hands again and, opening the gate, ran up the little path to the veranda, where, shading

her eyes with her hands, she peered into the interior.

"It's just a dear!" she cried again as Wilson opened the door and she ran in.

From room to room she darted breathlessly; then, the inspection finished, she sat down on the third step of the stairs which ran from the hall to the second story.

"It's just the thing for Bertha and Jo!" she cried at last. "I know just how they can arrange everything. The front room they'll have fixed up nice and livable. Jo will have a big easy chair there by the window, where he can smoke and read in the evening, and the piano will be opposite the window, with its side to the wall, so that Bertha can play and yet see Jo while he smokes. And then that open fire—think how cozy it will be for them in the winter!"

"Yes, that would be all right for some couples," said Wilson, "but honestly, Dorothy, do you think that Jo and Bertha with all their money would be content to begin life in a humble cottage like this, in the humble way you suggest?"

"Why, Harry, of course they will!" the girl exclaimed in a hurt tone. "When they see what dear house it is they'll just fall in love with it, as I have."

"Maybe," said Wilson dubiously, "but it strikes me that it would be more suited to—well, say, for example, a couple like us—if we were married. The rent of this house can't be much, and I haven't got much money. You're in love with the house, and I'm in love with it too. Now—"

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "We'll have to hurry if we're going to investigate all those other houses!"

Somewhat sulkily Wilson locked the door of the little house. But he and the girl visited no more houses that afternoon, for Wilson very suddenly became converted to the idea that Bertha and Jo would be charmed by the little house, and nothing would do but he must see the real estate agent and secure an option on it. The girl demurred at this at first, but Wilson finally convinced her that Bertha and Jo would be mighty pleased at their action in securing such a desirable home for them.

The real estate dealer's office was finally found and the option secured. Then the couple started on their journey to Bertha's home, where they would acquaint her with what they had done.

"They'll be very happy there," said Dorothy somewhat wistfully as they left the office.

"Sure they will," assented Wilson. "Any one could be happy in a little house like that."

For some reason Wilson's mood had become rather joyous. He solicitously took Dorothy's arm and skillfully guided her through the crowds. It was becoming dusk, and the street lights were not yet out. They turned into a side street on a short cut to Bertha's home, which was a big, ornate affair. It looked blatant and uncomfortable. The little house from which Dorothy and Wilson had come by the comparison to them seemed much more desirable.

Bertha had not yet arrived when they entered, but a moment after they had seated themselves in the drawing room she flew in. As usual, she seemed very busy and was in a tremendous hurry.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, people!" Bertha exclaimed. "I won't have to put you people to any more trouble trying to find a house for us. Jo and I managed to find time to look at one this afternoon. It is a nice big one, has large rooms and a big bay window, and we're just delighted to get it. The agent said you had been looking at it. Wait a minute until I take off my wraps."

She left the room. The two young people she had left looked at each other.

"And you've signed the option!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Yes," said Wilson, suppressed and eager. "There's only one thing to do now."

"What's that?" asked the girl shyly and with averted face.

"Take the house ourselves."

When Bertha came to the door of the room a moment later she did not enter, as she had intended. She gave one look, saw Dorothy and Wilson standing in the middle of the room, very close together, and then she fled. As she fled, though, she heard Wilson say somewhat tremulously:

"Don't blush so, dear. It's a cousin's privilege, you know."

## The Silent Winners.

Examine our list of presidential candidates and see how few of them made stump speeches.

George Washington made none.

Thomas Jefferson made none.

John Adams, John Quincy Adams, James Madison, James Monroe made none.

Neither did Andrew Jackson, nor Martin Van Buren, nor General Harrison, nor James K. Polk, nor Franklin Pierce, nor James Buchanan—Jeffersonian.

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## AMBROSE McSWEENEY

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# To Manufacturers

The earthquake did but little damage to South San Francisco. The industries located here, the Western Meat Company, the Wool Pullery, the Butler Brick Company, the Pacific Jupiter Steel Company, the Steiger Pottery Works, the W. P. Fuller White Lead Works, and other enterprises, are all in full operation to-day. Not one of them having suffered any serious impairment by reason of the earthquake.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company planned South San Francisco as a manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. With that object in view they originally purchased 3500 acres of land in San Mateo county on the bay front five miles south of the City of San Francisco, and have developed their property so that to-day they possess perfected nearly every feature desired by manufacturers.

## SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Is a railroad terminal; it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad and accessible to all railroads; has deep water communication; owns and operates for its industries, a railroad connecting with the Southern Pacific and the water front; has electric street car service from factory to town and direct to San Francisco; has an Electric Light and Power Company; owns an independent water works, and has an abundance of fresh water for factory and house; has wharves and docks; a perfect sewerage system; a bank; a town hall; and a population of 3000 people; an extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

## FACTORY SITES

Can be obtained from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company on most reasonable terms.

The American Smelting and Refining Company recently purchased from this Company 200 acres of land and are on the ground to-day arranging for the immediate construction of a plant costing upward of \$5,000,000. This means a vast increase in population, and a great augmentation for the benefit of all industries of every detail pertaining to rail and water communication.

**For Manufacturing Purposes South San Francisco Has No Equal on San Francisco Bay.**

**PARTIES DESIRING LOCATIONS SHOULD APPLY TO**

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South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

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## SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County,

California

## THE ENTERPRISE

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Six Months " 1.00  
Three Months " 50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office on Linden Avenue near Bank.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 5, 1908

VERMONT has voted and the first gun of the campaign is for Taft and Sherman.

It is time the Republicans of the city of South San Francisco should get together and organize a big, strong, active Taft and Sherman Campaign Club. The Presidential electors for California have been named by the Republican party and the national campaign has by that act been duly opened.

THE City of South San Francisco was born September 3, 1908.

Two hundred and ninety-one sponsors participated at the christening.

Eight guardians were chosen to have charge of the lusty infant.

Dropping all metaphor we congratulate the people of this young city upon the unanimity with which they moved together for home rule, and the advancement of their home town to a place on the map of California and among the cities of the State. South San Francisco is the first municipality incorporated in the First Township of San Mateo county. This city will be among the first to feel the touch of renewed life with the return of business activity in the country. Under the direction of the conservative officials chosen to inaugurate municipal government, street and other improvements will be begun and continued as rapidly as possible without any material increase of the tax rate.

With such improvements, seekers of suburban homes will be attracted, and will come to swell our population and increase assessable values.

With the low tax rate prevailing and which will doubtless be maintained, new industries will come one after the other and this city will become, what its founders designed, a center of manufactures. The city of South San Francisco begins its career as a united, harmonious community, whose people are ready to pull together as one man for its upbuilding.

## Lots at \$250.00 Each.

We have for sale a limited number of cottage lots, centrally located, near railroad station, on sewer'd street, in South San Francisco, at the very low price of \$250 each. Terms easy. Apply to E. E. Cunningham & Co., Postoffice Building.

## WORKS OF JOHN YEGG

A Daring Burglar Who Attained Fame In His Line.

## HIS NAME A POLICE LEGACY.

It Is Now Applied to the Most Dangerous Criminals With Whom the Officers of the Law Have to Contend. Nitroglycerin In Safe Bursting.

In the expressive slang that permeates police circles throughout the country, a "yegg" is one of the dangerous criminal class.

The question is often asked, "What is a yegg, and how did the expression originate? An answer to the latter part of the query will lead to an elucidation of the first.

Some years ago, when the United States government was experimenting with high explosives, wishing to secure some death dealing and destructive shell that would cause more damage than any before manufactured, some one suggested that nitroglycerin be tried. Up to that time this most powerful of explosives had not been utilized in this way.

The government experts went to work, and the results of their experiments were from time to time published broadcast through the community. At last they succeeded in making a shell in which nitroglycerin was the chief component part and which made all former ones sink into insignificance.

In a town in the middle west at the time there lived a man named John Yegg. In his earlier days he had been one of the most expert electricians as well as all round experienced mechanics in the country. Later, through drink and bad associates, he had descended to a life of crime, his principal art being that of safe blowing.

He was attracted by the published accounts of the experiments of the government authorities with nitroglycerin. The thought struck him, Why could not this be used in blowing safes?

The method at that time was to drill a hole in the safe to be wrecked, fill this with powder or dynamite and then touch the fuse. This method, however, required considerable time to pull off "a job" and was noisy and dangerous.

Yegg went to work on the nitroglycerin method. He tried it, and it was a complete success. Furthermore, after he had performed job after job he had the police of the country baffled. They did not know how the work was done. Yegg instructed others in the art, and soon from one end of the country to the other safes were being wrecked, but by what manner no one knew.

Yegg's method was to take some of the explosive which he and those with him called "soup"—and, by the way, this term is still extant—and pour it in the crack of the safe near the hinges of the door. The small aperture was then covered with soap to hold the explosive in place. The fuse was applied, and with the explosion off went the doors, slick and clean. The entire job took but a few minutes. It remained for a young Pinkerton detective to solve the matter on a safe that was blown in Coldwater, Mich., where a bank was wrecked and many thousands of dollars secured.

The crime was traced to Yegg and some of his companions, and they were found guilty and sent to prison. Thereafter those who employed the nitroglycerin instead of the older methods were called "yeggmen" or "yeggs."

This was the beginning of the term, but since that time the application of it has grown greatly. Today a "yegg," viewed from whatever aspect, is the most dangerous criminal with whom the police of the country have to deal. He is one who rides the country over on freight trains, working through the south in the winter and migrating to more exhilarating climates during the summer. He will beg when he is hungry and will steal and commit murder when he sees an opportunity of benefiting himself.

Today there are thousands of "yeggs" scattered throughout the country. Most of them belong to some certain band, each one of which has a leader. He is the king. It is his duty to enlist recruits. To him also is shipped all the loot, and he in turn converts it into money and places the amount to the credit of the member sending it in. For this the king receives a commission.

Most of the "yegg" gangs carry what is known as a "kitten" with them. The "kitten" is a boy, young man or cripple, whose duty it is to visit houses and places of business, apparently begging food or selling shoestrings, lead pencils, etc., and who then reports to the gang "the lay of the land" so that when the time comes for pulling off the job all are familiar with the pre-

ises. The "kittens" are often runaway boys and later become "yeggs" themselves, destined to follow a life of crime and degradation.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

## OLD TIME ZOOLOGY.

The Queer Insects Lawson Discovered In North Carolina.

In the Raleigh state library is an interesting old volume presented by President Madison in 1831. This quaint book is the first history of North Carolina, written in 1741 by "John Lawson, Gent," a surveyor general of the lords proprietors. The history is well worth reading, but perhaps the most entertaining portion of its many pages is that in which Mr. Lawson describes the flora and fauna of the new country. He is evidently the ancestor of the railway conductor who decided that, according to the rules of the road, "dogs is dogs and cats is dogs, but turtles is insects."

"We will next treat of Beasts," says the historian. "The chief are the Buffalo, or Wild Beef; the Tyger; the Beaver; and the Bearmouse. The Buffalo is a Wild Beast of America which has a Bunch on his Back. These monsters are found to weigh (as I am informed by a Traveller of Credit) from 1100 to 2400 weight.

"The Bear or Bearmouse is the same as in England. I have put this among the Beasts as partaking of both the Nature of the Bird and the Mouse. Now I shall proceed to the known Insects of the Place.

"Insects of North Carolina: Allegators, Rattlesnakes, Frogs, Vipers, Tortoises, Terebin, Rottenwood Worms (etc.).

"The Allegator is the same as the Crocodile. After the Tail of the Allegator is removed from the Body it will move freely for several Days. I have named these among the Insects because they lay Eggs, and I did not know well where else to put them."

## FERN LEAVES.

They Are Valuable For Preserving Articles of Food.

The fern plant, which grows almost everywhere, is an excellent preservative for packing articles of food, fruit, etc. People who have lived in England know that the English have used it successfully for many years. Valuable fruit, fresh butter, etc., are no longer seen in the English markets packed in grapevine leaves, but almost always in fresh fern leaves, which keep the articles excellently. This is done where grapevine leaves are to be had in abundance. Every one posted well in botany knows the high preservative power of fern leaves with reference to vegetable and animal substances.

On the Isle of Man fresh herrings are packed in ferns and arrive on the market in as fresh a condition as when they were shipped. Potatoes packed in ferns keep many months longer than others packed only in straw. Experiments made with both straw and fern leaves in the same cellar showed surprising results in favor of ferns. While the potatoes packed in straw mostly showed signs of rotting in the spring, those in ferns were as fresh as if they had just been dug.

Fresh meat is also well preserved by fern leaves. It would seem as if the highly preservative qualities of fern leaves are due to their high percentage of salt. No larvae, maggots, etc., approach ferns, as the strong odor keeps them away.—New York Times.

## Postmaster Not to Be Hurried.

A nobleman's new land agent and steward, who went to live on the estates about fifteen miles from Granada, sent letters to the village postoffice every day for three weeks, but got no replies. Thinking this very strange, he rode over to the village and interviewed the postmaster.

"Oh," exclaimed the postmaster, "you are the new agent on the ducal estates! Well, your letters are all safe. The villagers rarely write letters, and as I have to ride on my donkey four miles to the railway station to catch the mail train you don't suppose for one moment, do you, that I am going to undertake this pilgrimage every day with your stupid letters? I have them all here in a broken jug, and when the jug gets full I shall take a ride to the station and post the whole lot at once."

## It Grew and Grew.

"My pa caught a wonderful fish," said little Willie. "After it was dead it kept on growing."

"It couldn't do such a thing."

"Oh, yes, it did, for every time pa told about it was bigger than it was before."

## What He Meant.

Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it? Hobo—I'm like de little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb. Housewife—G'wan! You're only a bum! How could you fly from limb to limb? Hobo—I mean de limbs o' de law, mum.—Bohemian.

## HE ATE THE SOAP.

Garland Would Have Swallowed It if It Had Killed Him.

Augustus H. Garland, who was attorney general under President Cleveland, was very fond of practical jokes and during his term of service in the senate frequently turned the laugh on his colleagues. Senators Voorhees and Vest, with whom he was very friendly, finally determined to turn the tables. Mr. Garland had a habit, like Voorhees, of munching candy, and Vest and Voorhees made it up between them to take advantage of his fondness for sweets to play their trick. They had some tempting looking chocolate candies prepared, with the interior filled with brown soap. These they took to the senate chamber, and Voorhees placed them on his desk. The lid being off, when Mr. Garland sauntered down the aisle he noticed them at once.

"What have you there, Dan?" he inquired.

Voorhees looked up carelessly from his writing and responded: "Caramels. Help yourself."

Garland needed no second invitation and, picking up two or three, placed one in his mouth. Steadily he chewed away, his face betraying no sign of the conflict within him. This alarmed Voorhees, who went to Vest's desk and said:

"He's eating them, Vest! What shall we do? The stuff will kill him sure!"

Senator Vest replied that it could do no more than make him sick. Garland swallowed the stuff, although he was foaming at the mouth from the soap-suds. He related the incident afterward with great gusto and said he would have swallowed it if it had killed him.

## FLY FOGS IN INDIA.

A Plague That at Times Makes Life Unbearable In Calcutta.

One of the evils of Calcutta is the plague of green flies, from which the whole city suffers at certain times in the year. The happy hunting time of these minute insects is during the late autumn and early winter. They are a serious nuisance both in and out of doors. They wing their way through all the open doors into the houses and into every room, making life unbearable.

Like most insects, the little green flies have a great affection for the flame. On occasion the inhabitants have found it necessary to put out all the gaslights, even at a public dinner, and to take their meals practically in deep gloom, illuminated only by flickering candles.

Naturally it is not at all pleasant to go on eating with dense clouds of insects swarming overhead or, roasted to death, falling about one in patterning showers.

They seem to spring into existence from nowhere. Perhaps it is almost dusk when the lights of the street lamps are becoming visible. Then suddenly the air, which a moment before was quite clear, is full of myriads of green flies, drifting in misty patches and obscuring the street lamps.

Often the number of insects which have been scorched to death is so great that little heaps of them collect inside the lamps, while bucket loads have to be swept up from the roads next morning.—London Answers.

## Judging a Melon.

Is there any way for a purchaser to tell a good melon without cutting and testing it? That is exactly what an expert melon grader is expected to do, to judge the flavor of the melon as well as the size. The best external indication in a netted Gem and melons of similar type is a golden greenish color, the melon being deeply ribbed and thickly overlaid with rather coarse gray netting, the edges of which rise perpendicularly from the surface. The melon should be heavy. There should be no ragged or broken stem to indicate that the melon was torn from the vine before it was ripe enough to part freely. If one follows these points he is pretty sure to get the perfection of melon produced by the quality of the seed planted. If the seed has come from a tasteless melon the result will be disappointing even with thorough culture and the best care in picking and shipping.—Baltimore American.

## Not Her Abode.

"My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof."

"But I don't live on the roof," was the prompt reply.

## Must Have Had Experience.

"Never mind, dear," he said reassuringly as she raised her sweet face from his shoulder and they both saw the white blur on his coat; "it will all brush off."

"Oh, Charlie," she burst out, sobbing, hiding her face again upon his white shoulder, "how do you know?"—Somerville Journal.

## Man and the Motor.

"Yep," said Uncle Rooster as he soberly traced in the glass the increasing whiteness of his hair and beard and the remarkable deepening and spreading of his innumerable facial wrinkles—"yep, man is like the motor car, by guinea."

"How so?" inquired the city nephew. "Because," said Uncle Rooster, "by the time he's got in good workin' order in all his bearin' an' paid fur himself to the last installment an' learnt to do his daily run with ease an' certainty an' never a breakdown, why, he's antiquated by that time, the noo models is out, an' there's nothin' fur him but the shelf!"—New York Press.

## Lighting the Nest.

There dwells in upper Burma a bird with the high sounding name of New-couris baza, but which is really a sort of blackbird. It is conspicuously clever, at least in one curious particular, for it actually lights up its nest artificially. To do this it works up a lot of clay into balls and sticks these balls over with living fireflies in such a way that, although the fireflies are held captive, they shine all the same. The New-couris baza then decorates its nest with half a dozen or so of these balls by hanging them round. The balls last for only a few days and are then replaced by others, and so on all through the nesting season.

## Obedient English Husbands.

Despite all the admonitions to perfect obedience which have for decades been carefully instilled into the feminine mind, it is an undoubted fact that this is an age not of obedient wives, but of obedient husbands. Some obey through love, some through fear and others through a desire for peace, but all are alike, inasmuch that they are docile to a degree undreamed of in the middle ages or even in the Victorian era of Dundreary whiskers and baggy trousers.—London Gentlewoman.

## Few Words.

He had gone to ask her father for her hand in marriage.

"Well, sir, what is it?" snapped out the old man. "Remember, I am a man of few words."

"I don't care if you are a man of only one word, if it's the right one," replied the suitor.

He got the girl.

## Couldn't Keep Track of Them.

Martin Littleton, the famous lawyer of New York, is one of a family of nineteen children, so they say, born to a heritage of poverty and pluck. When he was a small lad down in Texas he fell into the creek one day, and Michael, the next younger brother, ran, whimpering to Littleton, the elder: "Dad, dad! Martin is drowning!"

"Martin, Martin!" repeated the father of nineteen. Then he turned dubiously to his wife.

"Nora," he inquired anxiously, "have we a Martin?"

## A Puzzle.

•Why should a man want to lead a double life?"

"I give it up. One existence has enough perplexities, it would really seem."—Kansas City Journal.

Ambition is pitiless. Every merit that it cannot use is contemptible in its eyes.—Joubert.

One hundred dollars will be given away by The Enterprise for 100 new subscribers. See ad. on page 5.

## REPUBLICAN MEETING.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a meeting of the Republican County Committee will be held at the Superior Court room, Odd Fellows Building, Redwood City, on Tuesday, September 8, 1908, at one o'clock p.m., for the purpose of holding a caucus for primaries for the election of delegates to the county convention to nominate candidates for county and district offices, and to fix the time and place for holding such convention. All Republicans are invited to attend.

JOHN MACBAIN, Chairman  
HALL C. ROSS, Secretary

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## LUDWIG THE LUNATIC

Patti Once Threw Him Into a Frenzy of Madness.

### A FREAK OF THE CRAZY KING.

He Frightened and Enraged the Great Diva by His Strange Whims, and When She Finally Sang For Him in Munich It Drove Him Wild.

When Patti was in the first heyday of her fame Ludwig II., the mad king of Bavaria, set his heart on having her sing for him at his private auditorium in Munich. He wrote letter after letter, begging, imploring, offering extravagant sums of money, but Patti resolutely refused to go. She had heard too many stories of Ludwig's freaks and was desperately afraid of him, but at last the king offered her a sum so enormous that it seemed ridiculous to refuse it. Then the singer plucked up courage and started for Munich. When she and her maid alighted at the station not even a carriage was there to meet them, and they had to inquire the name of the best hotel and call a cab. That was the first shock to the diva's nerves and temper. After luncheon she started out to see the town and incidentally to examine the posters announcing Europe's greatest singer. Not a mention of her name could she find. She rushed back to the hotel and told her maid to pack the trunks.

Just at that moment a resplendent officer delivered a letter from the king. The letter stated curtly that his majesty would wait for her at 7 o'clock precisely in the royal palace, where his singer in ordinary, Mme. Fischer, would give her further directions. Mme. Fischer would also sing with Mme. Patti the duets which his majesty wished to hear. A programme was inclosed. Patti wept with rage.

"I have never been treated so brutally," she said. "I shall leave at once. Tell the king so. I will not sing—never, never, never!" The officer pleaded with the irate prima donna. His majesty had been wild with excitement ever since he knew she would come and had not slept for three nights, so great was his joy at the prospect of hearing her.

"Besides," added the officer, "you know your king is—is—is—"

"Crazy," snapped Patti. "Yes, that's very comforting, isn't it? I don't know why I ever came." Just then she caught sight of this postscript:

"The king commands Mme. Patti to appear in pure white, without any color whatever, and not by any means to wear a satin gown, but soft wool. Silk is painful to his majesty."

"His majesty will have to be pained, I have no white woolen gown except my peignoir. I shall wear red velvet," "Red!" groaned the officer. "Oh, no, no! Red sends his majesty into fits. If you appear in red, he will scream and have convulsions. Oh, do be patient, madame! I will bring Mme. Fischer to you. She understands the king's nerves. She will explain."

He fled from the room, and shortly after Mme. Fischer appeared upon the scene. She soothed Patti into good humor and also attacked the white wool peignoir and transformed it into a most becoming Greek robe.

Before 7 the royal carriage arrived at the hotel and Patti went to the palace. She was led through dimly lighted rooms and corridors into Ludwig's private theater, which was in utter darkness save for the moonlight that entered through the windows. Patti stood upon the dark stage, while an orchestra, somewhere out of sight, began a soft prelude. Through the gloom she could just make out a white face in the royal box opposite the stage. Not another auditor was in the great hall.

Patti felt the cold shivers creeping over her. She shook with nervousness and fear, and when she should have begun her aria not a sound could she make. She opened her mouth, but her throat was paralyzed from nervous terror. There was a pause. The king sprang up and leaned forward out of the box, his white face gleaming in the moonlight. The violins repeated the prelude. Patti gathered herself together and made one heroic effort. Her voice rang out into the great empty place, and the king sank back into the dark box.

Patti, though badly scared, made the effort of her life and finished the aria from "La Traviata" triumphantly and stood flushed with victory. Dead silence. Not a sound came from the gloom before her. She went off the stage in a temper. Mme. Fischer was behind the scenes, and Patti waited with her for the signal to sing the next number. A messenger appeared at the door. His majesty had had enough music and had gone to his apartments. For a moment Patti stood stunned. Then she laughed. The rudeness was so colossal that it was

runny. Mme. Fischer took the diva to supper and then home.

The next morning Mme. Fischer called at the hotel once more, accompanied by the court chamberlain, who bore the promised check, an autograph letter of thanks from the king and some jewels of great value. King Ludwig, Mme. Fischer said, was in one of his maddest moods, wild with regret, cursing himself and cursing Patti. He had walked the floor all night, groaning that he was a traitor, for Patti's voice had so ravished his senses that for one moment he had gone over to Italian music and had been false to Wagner, the one musician who alone had satisfied his majesty's soul.

"That was better than having bored him," added Patti, shrugging her shoulders.

### HE GOT THE TICKET.

#### A Simple Little Errand That Made a Lot of Commotion.

One of the most amusing accidents imaginable happened to an old gentleman in one of our large eastern cities. He was asked to buy a ticket to a fireman's ball and good naturally complied. The next question was what to do with it. He had two servants, either of whom would be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism.

Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket and give both his servants a pleasure. Not knowing where the tickets were sold, he inquired of a policeman, and the officer suggested that he go to the engine house. So the old gentleman went to the engine house that evening, but there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before and stood for a moment or so uncertain how to make his presence known.

Presently he saw an electric button on the side of the room, and he put his thumb on it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. Through the ceiling, down the stairs and from every other direction firemen came running and falling, the horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in short, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly in motion.

Amid all this uproar stood the innocent old gentleman, who did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm until the men clamored around him for information as to the locality of the fire.

Then he said mildly, "I should like to buy another ticket for the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that there was a general shout of laughter, and the old gentleman bought his ticket, and the engine house resumed its former state of quiet.—Exchange.

#### Smells in Great Cities.

The man with a nose always recognizes the small of the place, and he has only to land at Calais to smell garlic. London's smell—when the Londoner returns—is just soot and fried fish. Paris always smells of chocolate and wood smoke. Florence is violets and sewage. But so soon as you get to Russia the smell is quite different. Moscow, the city of fruit that comes from the Crimea, has a special smell of the cranberry (which has various names) in late summer. And you cannot land in St. Petersburg without noticing instantly the smell of the place.—London Chronicle.

#### Pyramids.

The largest of the Mexican pyramids, that of Cholula, has a base measurement of 1,488 feet and a height of 178 feet. The Great pyramid of Egypt, sometimes called the pyramid of Cheops, stands on a base each side of which was originally 764 feet long; but, owing to the removal of the coating, it is now only 746 feet. Its height, according to Wilkenson, was originally 480 feet 9 inches, its present height being 460 feet.—New York American.

#### Feminine Intuition.

Hattie—I'm positive George loves me and wants me to be his wife. Ella—Has he told you so? Hattie—No, but he has taken such a strong dislike to mamma.—Chicago Tribune.

#### The Uselessness of Worry.

Sympathy is loving understanding, and the expression of it helps a lot. Worry is sympathy run to seed—and that doesn't help in the least.—London Sketch.

#### Suspicious.

The Warden—I think the members of the choir are going to ask for more money. The Sidesman—Why? The Warden—for the last two Sundays they have been listening to the sermon.—Illustrated Bits.

#### A Striking Misapprehension.

Officer—Excuse me, madam; there goes eight bells. It's my watch on deck. Mrs. Lansman—Well, I don't blame you for keeping your watch on deck if it strikes as loudly as that.—Harper's Weekly.

### Strange Feats of Eye and Hand.

An expert who prided himself upon the smallness of his writing sent the president of the French academy a grain of wheat on which he had written 221 words. A Polish poet wrote all of Homer's "Iliad" on a piece of paper which could be rolled up small enough to go into a nutshell.

In the sixteenth century a man named Mark offered to Queen Elizabeth a gold chain of fifty links. The chain was so fine it could not be seen unless it was put on a sheet of white paper. To prove its lightness Mark tied it to a fly, which flew away with it. The most curious fact in this matter, which required so extraordinary a facility of touch for making this ornament, was that Mark was a blacksmith, accustomed to all kinds of heavy tools all day long.

A Spaniard, Joseph Faba, made a carriage as large as a grain of wheat. Under a magnifying glass it was possible to see the interior fitted up with seats, every detail being carried out to perfection.

#### Sure of Water.

Sir Joseph Prestwich had bought in 1864 a small estate near Sevenoaks, on which he built a residence, but it was high up on a dry and treeless chalk down. Where was water to be found?

So confident was Prestwich in respect of water supply that he at once engaged an old well digger to sink a well 168 feet deep. The boring proceeded, but when a depth of 168 feet was reached the two workmen went to the city and sought an interview with their employer, whom they found at his desk. They explained that there was no sign of water and that in their opinion it was useless to bore to a greater depth. "Go on," was the quiet rejoinder. "You will come upon water tomorrow. You are within two feet of it." Next day it proved exactly as Prestwich had foretold, and ever after, among many of the denizens of the valley, he had the reputation, much to his amusement, of not being quite

### KNOWN BY NICKNAMES.

#### Places Where a Genuine Surname Is Never Heard.

In many places in Great Britain, and especially in some of the fishing villages of Cornwall and of certain parts of Scotland, such a thing as a genuine surname is never even heard. Every man in the place is known by a nickname.

In most of these villages this has been brought about originally by the fact that all the inhabitants have only had very few surnames among them. One or two prevailing families have represented the population and have married and intermarried till trying to distinguish a man by his surname has only created confusion. And even some of the nicknames have begun to act in the same way. At a village not very far from Wick the writer knows of some fishermen who had originally been nicknamed "Dumpy" and had left so many descendants that other specific nicknames had been necessary to distinguish which of the "Dumps" was meant on given occasions.

At another village not far from this one several nicknames have in the same way become the only known family names. The writer was once in the general shop here when a small boy came in and asked for some article, stating that it was for Blower.

"Blower?" said the shopkeeper. "Which Blower? There are scores of Blowers?"

The child answered at once: "It's for 'Bowleggit' Blower, 'Red Lugged' (eared) Blower's laddle."—London Answers.

#### Right in a Sense.

"That waiter's an idiot!" "What's the matter now?" "I asked him to bring me a water cracker." "Well?" "And here he brings an ice pick!"—Cleveland Leader.

### THE COCA PLANT.

#### Its Leaves Used as an Invigorant in South America.

Coca is the South American invigorant. The shrub from which the coca leaves are obtained grows under favorable conditions to a height of about four meters. It is cultivated in Peru and Bolivia.

At the time the crop is gathered the seeds are sown in beds, when they germinate and grow, and in two months the growing plants reach a height of about a foot. The leaves, grown in the proper sunlight and shade, are yellowish, small and thick.

This is the kind of leaf that is preferred for chewing by persons using the leaf as a stimulant, fortifier and preventive of sleep and fatigue in the performance of arduous work, inasmuch as they prevent rheumatism, from which miners suffer when working in mines that contain much water. Indians who masticate the leaves of this plant can work twenty-four hours without eating or sleeping.

Coca leaves are used by the natives when engaged in long and fatiguing journeys and by soldiers when subject to hardships and privations. They may be used with all kinds of food and are said to cure dyspepsia, either taken as an infusion in the shape of tea or by masticating the leaves. The life of the plant when perfect is eighty years.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Both Ways.

Woman—Now that I have fed you, are you going without doing your work? Tramp—Oi couldn't wurruk on an empty stomach, mum, an' Oi nivir wurruk on er full one, so there yez be!—Smart Set.

#### Making Headway.

Nervous Traveler (to seat companion)—How fast should you say you were traveling? Companion (who has been flirting with the girl across the way)—About a smile a minute.—Life.

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## CHAOS IN A LIBRARY.

## Sarcey's Fearfully Bad Luck With Custodians of His Books.

Francisque Sarcey had a splendid library, of which he was very proud, and there are many stories told in Paris about the singular fates, comic and tragic, that overtook the librarians who successively looked after the late critic's books.

The first was a released convict, who pleaded that to be much among good books would reform him. Sarcey, pugnacious in print, was the kindest of men in practice. He yielded to the plea. Unfortunately his protege carried the ethical cure too far, for one day he decamped, taking with him the best of M. Sarcey's good books.

The second was a distinctly minor dramatist, Debit by name and debris by nature. He had worn himself into an incurable melancholy by persistent addiction to the humorist vaudeville habit. Sarcey saw that abstinence from further composition could only be secured if the man had some light occupation with a living wage. He established him in the vacancy left by the convict. A few days later as the critic, returning from the theater, drew his carriage up before his door he heard a smash of shattered glass above him, followed a minute later by what he no longer dared to call a dull thud on the pavement below. The woe-begone librarian, wearied of life, had thrown himself out of the window. With his last breath he cursed Sarcey as his murderer.

Third in order was one Bernard, a gladsome youth, whose blithe temperament promised relief from the gloom cast by his predecessor. In the height of his glee he pulled out all the books so as to rearrange them in more logical order on the shelves. He stacked them in craggy pyramids all over the floor. But it happened to be the special day of the week wherein Sarcey was wont to have a few of his theatrical friends, male and female, to lunch with him. After lunch a dance followed as a matter of course. Nothing could dismay the librarian. He whisked the pyramids to four walls and joined in the dance. Next day he asked permission to go home and see his mother. He never returned. The pyramids had to be sorted out by Sarcey's manservant and put pell-mell on the shelves again.

The last librarian was Mlle. Blouska, an elderly Polish maiden, who proved an invaluable assistant until she perished miserably in the fire at the char-ity ball in Paris.

## INDIAN MARRIAGES.

## Peculiar Rites of the Hopi and the Navajo Tribes.

Marriage among the Topi, a tribe of the Pueblo Indians, is an institution regarding which those most concerned have least to say. When the parents of a girl find it expedient for her to get married, they look up an available man and negotiate with his parents. After the matter has been arranged the principals are notified. The girl goes to the home of the groom's parents and grinds corn for them for three weeks, while the groom makes a kind of sash for the bride. Then one morning at sunrise they both bathe their heads in cold water, which completes the ceremony. There have been instances of the groom's refusing to go through the performance, which has then proceeded without him and been accounted valid, and several weeks later he has yielded and had his head bathed.

The Navajo ceremony is much more elaborate and impressive, but then the Navajo girls are much nicer. The regular tariff on a Navajo girl entering the port of matrimony for the first time is twelve horses. On the second occasion the tax is nine horses, while subsequent entries are free.

This is not purchase money, but is merely a tribute of respect to a mother-in-law and a token of appreciation of the care and expense involved in bearing and rearing the lady, a recognition not unworthy of consideration by civilized grooms. On the other hand, and deserving of great condemnation, is that law of many tribes, unwritten, but of much sanctity, that a man and his mother-in-law shall never meet after the ceremony.—A. W. Dimock in *Outing Magazine*.

## Bismarck's Appetite.

Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, had an enormous capacity for eating and drinking. He once told a friend that the largest number of oysters he ever ate was 175. He first ordered twenty-five; then, as they were very good, fifty more, and, consuming these, determined to eat nothing else and ordered another hundred to the great amusement of those present. Bismarck was then twenty-six and had just returned from England.

It's mighty hard for a girl to get sentimental with a man who has just lost his job.—*Atlanta Journal*.

## A TENDERFOOT'S REVENGE.

## Bully of New Mexico Town Had the Tables Turned on Him.

The average tenderfoot is not a coward. He simply lacks ranch experience. An illustration of this fact occurred down in New Mexico several years ago. One day a pale looking, thin and sickly young man alighted from the train and put up at the little adobe hotel at Bernal Springs. The tenderfoot walked up to the bar and called for a bottle of soda pop. "Tain't allowed to drink that sort o' stuff out here," said a tough. "What you want is a stiff drink o' red liquor. Mr. Barkeeper, set out the pison for this young feller." "You have the best of me," replied the tenderfoot, "and I'll have to drink the stuff, but I hope the time may come when I can make you drink my choice of liquid."

The tenderfoot raised the glass and gulped down the whisky. Sandy had had his way about it, and he made no effort to comprehend the vague remark of the stranger. The tenderfoot left for a ranch down the Pecos the next day after the incident in the saloon, and he was forgotten until one afternoon more than a year afterward a strong, healthy looking young man rode up to the hotel on a broncho, dropped the bridle reins upon the ground and dismounted. He had the appearance of a typical young man of the range. His face was bronzed and his eyes clear and penetrating. "I owe a fellow a debt which I believe I will pay right now," the stranger said.

No sooner had he made the remark than he walked off in the direction of Sandy, who had his gun in his right hand and was firing it into the air every few steps. The stranger approached Sandy, pulled his gun and unceremoniously dragged the bully up to the saloon and let him in that fashion up to the bar. "Get me a pan of water and set it upon the floor," he said to the barkeeper.

The order was complied with, Sandy standing there weekly, wondering what was going to happen to him. "Now, get down on the floor and drink water out of that pan like a dog," the former tenderfoot ordered. Sandy at first refused, but when the stranger began twirling his gun around on his forefinger and said the order must be obeyed the cowed fellow unlimbered and lay down upon the floor and began drinking water out of the pan.—*Denver Field and Farm*.

## WATERLOO.

## The Immutability of the Famous Old Battlefield.

One of the most striking features of a visit to the battlefield of Waterloo today is the immutability of the entire scene in which one of the greatest battles of history took place. Notwithstanding the many years that have passed since the memorable day of June 18, 1815, the entire scene of the battle remains practically unchanged and untouched, and the very buildings around which the tide of battle surged the fiercest, save for the necessary restorations of the damage they sustained in the conflict, remain exactly as they were, nor has any encroachment of building or progress marred the historic field.

The battlefield of Waterloo is an open, undulating stretch of good farming land. On the day of the battle the greater part of it was covered with crops of rye, wheat, barley and oats, and the same crops are still grown there each season. The field is intersected by two highroads branching at Mont St. Jean, the one on the right leading to Nivelles, while that on the left, which lay in the center of both armies, led south to Genappe, Charleroi and Namur. Upon the crest of the ridge which formed the first of the allied positions a crossroad runs east and west. This road, on approaching the spot where the "Lion of Waterloo" now stands, ran through a cut in the crest some twelve to fourteen feet deep, and it was this point that was known after the battle as the Hollow Road. Some 500 yards to the southeast of the "Lion" is the farm of La Haye Sainte, while about 900 yards to the southwest stands Hougoumont, the old chateau, farmhouse, outbuildings, walled garden and orchard, which played such an important part in the fate of the day. These buildings are nearly 300 years old and were built with a view to their defense, as many old stone loopholes still to be found testify. — Robert Howard Russell in *Metropolitan Magazine*.

## Insomnia.

Insomnia is the not uncommon fate of the brain worker who after years of continuous mental strain retires from active life. The reason is that mental activity demands a large supply of blood for the brain, and the blood vessels gradually accommodate themselves to this large supply. But when the hard work is over the brain does not always realize that it needs less nourishment, and hence the condition of excessive mental activity which is what insomnia is.—*London Mail*.

## The Toast of an Irishman.

Michael Meyers Shoemaker wrote "Wanderings in Ireland." An old Irishman read a fragment of it that related to the reader's neighborhood. He asked the name of the author. "Mr. Shoemaker, is it?" he commented. "A nice gentleman, I'll go bat! 'Tis a fine country he chose to travel in too. May the heavens be his bed for choosing it, and may every hair in his honor's head be a mold candle to light his soul to glory!"

## Feminine Amenities.

"What did you think of the wedding? Was I nervous?"

"Well, a little at first, dear, but not after Reggie had said I will."—*Harper's Weekly*.

## ELECTION CALENDAR.

The attention of voters is called to the following general election calendar for 1908:

Registration of voters commences on January 1st and closes September 23d. Transfers from one precinct to another ceases on October 8th.

The last day to be naturalized in order to register is August 5th.

Time for filing nominations with the Secretary of State is: Party—Between September 4th and 24th. Independent between September 4th and 29th.

Time for filing with the County Clerk: Party—Between September 14th and October 3d. Independent—Between September 14th and October 3d. Time for filing with Clerks of other counties where county is part of district for one offices, County Clerk must certify certificate with clerks of such other counties comprising district October 7.

County Clerk must send list of all nominations to chairman of County Committees of each party October 19.

The last day to fill vacancies on State and County tickets is October 3.

The last day to withdraw from the ticket is October 3.

Appoint election officers and designate polling places not later than October 9th.

Publish names of election officers five times daily after October 27th, or twice weekly before day of election.

Before October 9th—Arrange registration affidavits for each precinct alphabetically and bind the same.

October 14th—Prepare index to affidavits for each precinct and have same printed.

October 24th—Publish proclamation for five days before this date.

October 24th—Commence the mailing of sample ballots, instruction to voters and constitutional amendments.

October 30—Finish mailing same.

November 3, 1908—Election day; polls open at 6 a. m. and close at 6 p. m.

November 9th—Supervisors will commence canvass of returns and continue daily until completed.

On the completion of canvass by the Supervisors, the clerk must enter results on records of board, issue certificates of election, send necessary abstracts to other County Clerks and Secretary of State, etc.

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## PETITION

FOR THE

## INCORPORATION

OF THE

## CITY OF VISTA GRANDE

ments and allegations set forth and contained in said foregoing petition are true.

THEO. LAFAYETTE  
ALLEN B. CLARK  
PETER KELLER

[SEAL]  
Subscribed and sworn to before me,  
the 17th day of August, 1908.  
HARRY E. STYLES  
Notary Public in and for the County of San  
Mateo, State of California.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:  
Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the seventh day of September, 1908, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as the undersigned can be heard, the petition and affidavit and this notice will be presented to the Honorable Board of Supervisors, of the County of San Mateo, State of California, in an open regular meeting of said Board, in the Town of Redwood City, County of San Mateo, State of California, for hearing and consideration by and before said Board of Supervisors, pursuant to law.

CHAS. M. SHIOP  
THEO. LAFAYETTE  
ALLEN B. CLARK  
PETER KELLER  
ROBERT P. BALDWIN

Signers of said Petition and Committee on  
behalf of Petitioners.

## FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

TIPECCANOE TRIBE No. 111, I. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting Bros. welcome.  
G. A. Davids  
Sachem.  
Geo. E. Keissling, Keeper of Records.

SOUTH CITY AERIE No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting brothers welcome.

WHITE EAGLE CIRCLE No. 56, U. A. O. D., meets first and third Monday nights in Metropolitan Hall.



Mrs. M. Coblyn, Arch Druidess.  
Miss J. Sands, Secretary.

SAN MATEO LODGE, No. 7, JOURNEYMEN BUTCHERS, P. and B. A., meets every first and third Mondays in Metropolitan Hall, at 8 p. m.

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## STORY OF THE FLOOD

One of the Strange Legends of the Yuma Indians.

### CAUSE OF THE GREAT STORM.

The Tipping Up of the Earth Caused the Deluge Which Engulfed the World—The Mysterious Ark and the Escape of the Chosen Few.

To this day the great deluge recorded in the Bible is a mystery to the North American Indian. He will not be led to believe that the flood was brought about by the sins of man. He is equally unwilling to believe that it was the work of an angry God, as he could not see how the Almighty should be so unjust as to punish the Indians of America for the naughty things of a race of people across the ocean. Another reason which makes it still more difficult for the Indian to believe that the flood was a punishment to the world is the fact that with him there is no sin. In his language there is no such word, nor does he expect to be punished for any of his acts.

But though there is no equivalent to the word sin in the Indian language (nor in the Indian mind until the Christians came), the Indians have their philosophy in regard to what is commonly so termed. Some of their teachers (most of whom claimed to have been taught the philosophy of life and its laws directly by disembodied spirits or by ethereal beings from other planets) taught that as man lives here so is his life hereafter. If he is quarrelsome or warlike here, so he will be in the more spiritual life. If he is serene and contented here, so he will be there, etc.

The deluge, as described by the few who were miraculously saved, was the more grandly terrible in that it came on suddenly. From the highlands occupied by the Indians they saw the waves of the sea sweep in upon the land and recede, only to advance with immensely increased volume and stupendously huge breakers. Then there came a terrific storm that seemed to blow from all and in all directions. The storm caused huge waterspouts which appeared over the wild ocean as far as the eye could see. The terrified people fled to the mountains, but these were all soon to be submerged, with the exception of one. This mountain which alone remained uncovered by the flood is called Avee-heallah (Mountain of the Moon), yet today it is not a very high mountain.

For awhile before the mountains became submerged there was a great calm, and a dense fog covered the earth. Then suddenly a mighty boat appeared to the awed view of the Indians. It approached and stopped at the several mountains still uncovered by the water, and at each point where it touched, as if guided by invisible intelligence, the Indians, as if obeying an unspoken but potent command, entered the boat.

The boat rested first at a place called Avee-qua-lul (mountain peak), now Pilot Knob, on the border of Mexico. There was a mesa on the top of this mountain, though at this day it does not exist, and on this mesa the Indians first celebrated their delivery. This they did by playing sacred games, chanting sacred songs, etc. On rocks at the foot of this peak there are hieroglyphics in an unknown language, which some of the Indians believe were made by those who survived the flood.

Petrified driftwood is still to be seen two-thirds the distance up the sides of Avee-heallah, which drift, the Indians say, was deposited by the waves of the great flood.

The Indians, having rested for a time on the mountain peak, again entered the boat and were carried eastward, eventually to a small valley. Here they again rested, and then, leaving the boat, they wandered from one place to another, after a time returning to the valley. To their surprise, the boat was gone. It could not have floated away, for the land was dry whereon they had left it, the flood having subsided after a great calm of its waters. The boat could not have crumbled to pieces, for there had not been time for its decay. They could only conclude that the mysterious boat, having fulfilled its mission of preserving a few of their race, had disappeared as miraculously as it had appeared.

The spot where the mysterious boat, or ark, had rested was marked by the Indians placing there a huge log. They called the place Qual-jo-para (boat's resting place). This spot is held sacred by the Indians, who will seldom point it out to strangers. Not many hundred years ago, it is said, some Indian warriors were passing the spot, and one of them to show his skepticism shot an arrow into the side of the great log. Immediately a stream of blood gushed from the spot pierced, and the skeptic fell dead. The story of the event was

carried to all the near tribes, and since then Indians passing the place fear to even look leisurely at the log.

A reason given by the Indians as the probable cause of the flood was that there was a tribe of Indians who, like Columbus, believed that the earth was not flat, but round, and to prove whether this theory were true thousands from the different tribes banded together and started out on a journey to find the edge of the earth if it was flat. The flood occurred soon after the Indians started on this journey, so that they really believed that those adventurers had reached the edge of the earth and their weight had tipped the earth to such an extent as to cause the water to rush in on the land.—*Los Angeles Times*.

A Cross Country Rider.



A SURPRISED SWORDSMAN.

Judge Goffe's Play With a Bragging Fencing Master.

A fencing master appeared in Boston one winter in the seventeenth century and had erected a stage on which he strutted up and down at certain hours, defying any and all to engage in sword play with him.

After this had gone on for several days and the man's boasts had become insufferable Judge William Goffe and Edward Whalley, the famous English political refugees, disguised themselves in rustic costume and appeared before the alleged master. Goffe held in one hand a cheese wrapped in a napkin, which he used for a shield, and carried a mop which he had soaked in muddy water as he passed a puddle.

Thus equipped, the judge mounted the stage. The fencer railed at him for his impudence, asked him what business he had there and ordered him to begone. The judge stood his ground. Then the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword to drive him off. The judge received the sword in his cheese and held it there till he had drawn the mop over the professor's face and smeared him with mud. Another plunge by the enraged maître d'armes resulted similarly, this time the judge poking the mop into his eyes. This operation was repeated a third time.

Then the maddened fencing master dropped his ordinary sword and grabbed up a huge broadsword. Thereupon the judge said:

"Stop, sir! Hitherto, you see, I have only played with you and not attempted to do you harm, but if you come at me now with the broadsword know that I will certainly take your life!"

The master was impressed by the firmness with which the judge spoke, for he dropped the point of his weapon and exclaimed: "Who can you be? You must be either Goffe, Whalley or the devil, for there was no other man in England that could beat me!"—*Boston Post*.

Coffee In Jamaica.

You see all those bushes with red berries strung among their branches? That is coffee, and the taller trees among which it is growing are pimento, from which the world gets its allspice. It looks like jungle, does it not? Yet many thousands of dollars would not buy that one hill slope. Among the lovely flowers humming birds sparkle as they fly and hover; butterflies as large as the birds dispute the honey with them. As you turn round the corner you surprise parties of tiny ground doves, and every now and again the larger peacock doves fly across the road. Up from the valley below the sounds of voices and laughter. Stop your carriage and look down. Those are the works on a coffee estate, and those flat terraces partitioned off into squares are the "barbecues" upon which the berries are dried. You can see that some of the squares are a different color to the rest. The dark ones are those that are covered with coffee; the others are those which have not yet been filled—Exchange.

### As to Quotations.

How many persons can unhesitatingly name the source of the familiar quotations? Many a man goes through life without reading a single play of Shakespeare, but probably no English speaking man goes through life without quoting him. If he sneers at "a woman's reason," he quotes Shakespeare; if he refers to "a trick worth two of that," he quotes Shakespeare again.

Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" is not a popular work, but one line of it—"Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies"—is known and used by everybody.

### Made Him a Songster.

Mr. Stubb (in astonishment)—"Gra-cious, Maria! That tramp has been singing in the back yard for the last hour. Mrs. Stubb—Yes, John, it is all my fault. Mr. Stubb—Your fault? Mrs. Stubb—Indeed it is. I thought I was giving him a dish of boiled oatmeal, and instead of that I boiled up the bird seed by mistake."—*Chicago News*.

Wisdom is knowledge, sound judgment and good conduct running together in harness and keeping step.

### WHAT WE ENJOYED.

Mr. Makinbrakes was trying to say something complimentary to the distinguished actor to whom he had just been introduced.

"What I particularly enjoy about your acting, Mr. Strutters," he said, "is your perfect naturalness. You can take an old man's part, you know, without the slightest necessity for making up—that is, I mean you don't have to change your—your voice, you know, or—why, take it in that play I saw you in the other night, when you appeared as an old man. All you had to do was to be just your natural—er—self, though, of course, there were plenty of wigs and wrinkles you could have put on if you had—er—needed them—which isn't quite what I was trying to get at either—for anybody could see how admirably you fitted the part, you know, without any—and all that sort of—what do you think of this new theory. Mr. Strutters, that a man can live on peanuts?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"No, sir; there's no truth in the rumor—that is to say, I do."—*Pittsburg Post*

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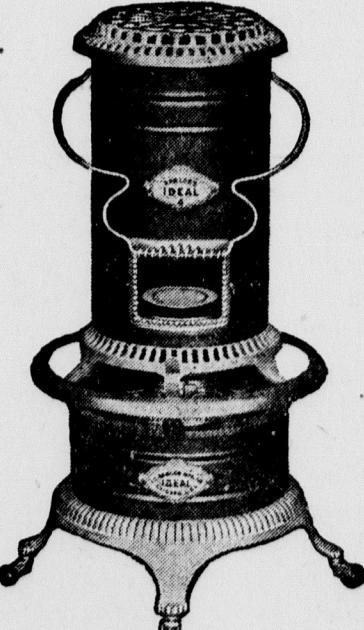
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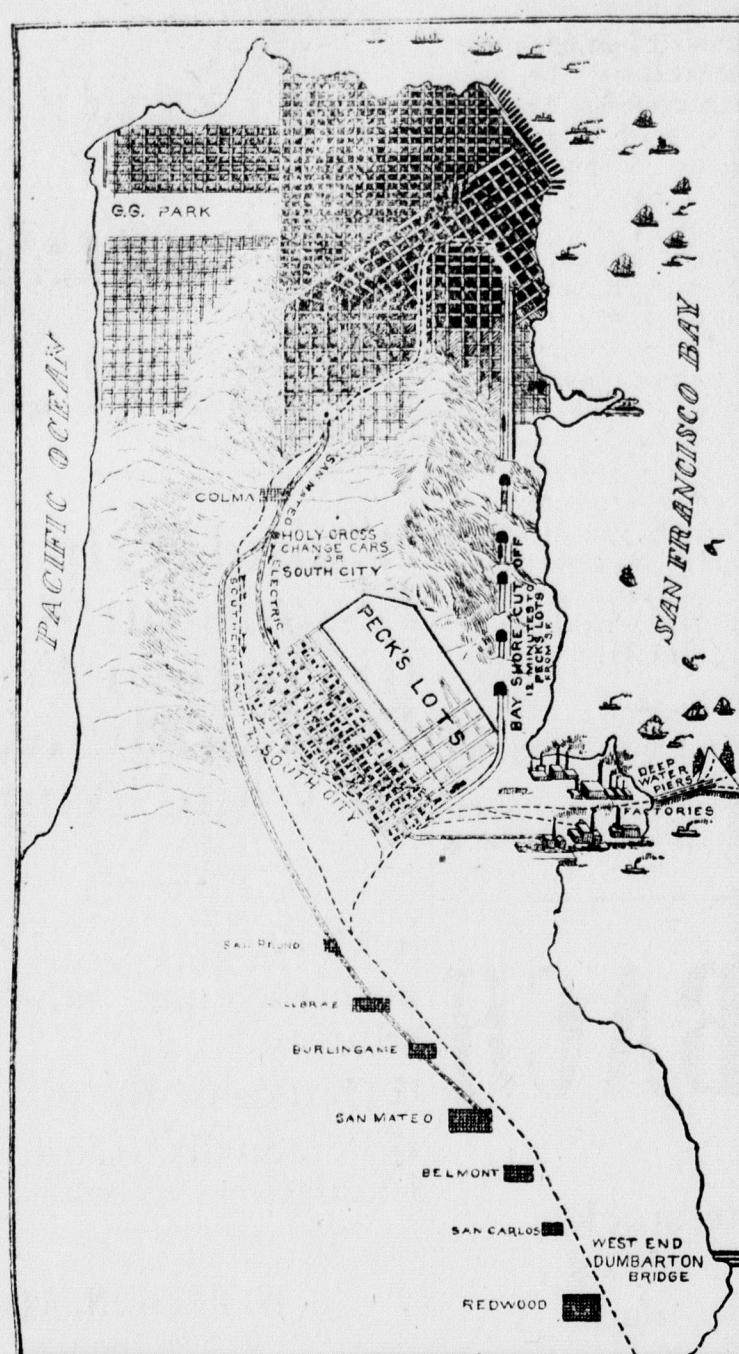
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Remember that South City is the first stop on the Seven-Million-Dollar Bay Shore Cutoff and at the present time we have forty-two trains daily. The commute ticket is \$4.50 a month and will shortly be reduced to \$3.00

Watch South City grow.

Yours truly,

## COUNTY HAPPENINGS.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

Delegates favorable to Jas. T. Casey for the nomination for supervisor to represent the First Township were elected at the Democratic primaries on Saturday last.

J. V. Swift, Albert Mansfield, William Almond and C. J. Hatch of this county went to the Democratic State Convention at Stockton this week as delegates.

The wedding of Miss Nathalie T. Brittain of San Carlos and Robert C. Hewson of Beresford, this county, has been set for September 12th, at the Peninsula Hotel, San Mateo. They are both well known young people.

Richard H. Jury, assemblyman from San Mateo County, who a short time ago disposed of the San Mateo Leader to the Simkins syndicate, has again entered the newspaper field, resuming charge of that paper on Monday by the resignation of the present editor, S. D. Merk.

The Enterprise is giving away money. See ad on page 5.

### LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining on hand thirty days preceding Sept. 1, 1908, E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

### DOMESTIC

Anderson, R. (2): Bresto, Pietro; Crelain, Anna; Fuller, W. P.; Faciotti, Chiolumen; Jayne, Mrs. Dora; Lovi, Pompeo; Prefetti, Primo; Regalia, C.; Smith, C. W.; Thompson, John A., Jr.

### FOREIGN

Biondi, Giuseppe; Monti, Antonio; McHugh, Ella; Mantano, Federico; Repoz, Manuel; Tambussi, Stefano; Traversone, Giovanni; Takao, G.; Umberto, Peruch; Wohlgeborne, Frau-lien.

Have you noticed there are all kinds of fresh fruit and vegetables every day at Lind's Market. \*

SEND your Job Printing to this office—we will please you.

but seemingly not fatal, until Friday morning. He passed away at 3:30 a. m. Saturday. They wish to thank their many friends for the great sympathy and kindness shown them.

## SAN BRUNO ITEMS

Preparations have been completed for the grand ball to be given by the San Bruno Hall Association at the Town Hall on next Wednesday evening, September 9th. Go and have a good time.

Don't forget to attend the entertainment given by the Catholic ladies of San Bruno next Monday night. There will be a good program. The proceeds will be used to aid in building a new Catholic church.

An attempt was made to destroy the barn and warehouse belonging to L. Petersen, the grocer, at San Bruno, last Wednesday night. A. Lund, a neighbor, was awakened, and by some rapid work with a water bucket prevented a fire that would have destroyed the whole block, as the houses are close together. It is supposed the same party attempted to set fire to Debenedetti's store and was seen in time by some young men coming home from a dance. There will be something doing in San Bruno if the guilty party is found.

### Prizes to be Given Away.

Don't fail to visit the pink and green booth, on Labor Day, at St. Michael's Parish picnic, as there will be exhibited many useful and pretty prizes given by the ladies of South San Francisco, also eatables of all kinds.

The pie counter will be presided over by Miss Francis Sosoie and beautiful doll by Miss Zaro. Souvenirs will be given out by the Misses Cora and Dora Gaffney. The ladies of the ice cream booth have made ample provision to serve all comers with delicious ice cream, etc.

Suits cleaned, pressed and repaired at E. W. Langenbach's. \*

Subscribe for THE ENTERPRISE.

## BRIEF AND BREEZY

### PHARAOH THE OPPRESSOR.

This is the Rameses Who Looms Over the Egypt of Today.

Like a cloud, a great golden cloud, a glory impending that will not, cannot, be dissolved into the ether, he (Rameses) loomed over the Egypt that is dead; he looms over the Egypt of today. Everywhere you meet his traces; everywhere you hear his name. You say to a tall young Egyptian, "How big you are growing, Hassan!"

He answers, "Come back next year, my gentleman, and I shall be like Rameses the Great."

Or you ask of the boatman who rows you, "How can you pull all day against the current of the Nile?" And he smiles, and, lifting his brown arm, he says to you, "Look; I am as strong as Rameses the Great."

This familiar name comes down through some 3,220 years. Carved upon limestone and granite, now it seems engraven also on every Egyptian heart that beats not only with the movement of shadoof or is not buried in the black soil fertilized by Hapi. Thus can inordinate vanity prolong the true triumph of genius and impress its own view of itself upon the minds of millions. This Rameses is believed to be the pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel.—Robert Hichens in Century.

### Coral Islands.

A coral island is sometimes torn to pieces by a great storm, showing that islands disappear in more ways than one. This happened to an atoll in the Marshall group in 1905, when it happened to be in the path of a terrible hurricane. Waves about forty feet high swept over the hapless speck of land, carrying every particle of verdure and every form of life into the sea, and not a human being was saved. The upper part of the coral was broken off and swept away, and a few days later nothing but the placid waters of the ocean was seen where the atoll had stood.

### The Pantomime.

"Pop, what is a pantomime?"

"A pantomime is a piece in which no one speaks."

"I shouldn't think a piece with no women in it would be interesting."—

Yonkers Statesman.

If you want to know how old a woman is, just ask her sister-in-law.—Atchison Globe.

### Nautical Information.

"By the way, captain," said the sweet young thing on the second day out, with a smiling attempt to be chummy, "where does Mother Carey feed her chickens?"

"In the trough of the sea, young woman," replied the captain of the ocean liner, with solemn dignity.—Chicago Tribune.